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SPORTS



THE TRUTH ABOUT SPORT
IS NEVER A KNOCK

HAWAIIAN POLO TEAM WILL HAVE HARD NUT TO CRACK ON COAST

Coronado Tournament Will Be the Most Representative Ever Held in the History of the Sport—Fours from England, California, Northwest, Middle West and Hawaii to Contest for Championship Honors

When the Hawaiian polo team leaves for the Coast next January to take part in the championship tournament at Coronado, the players will go with the expectation of meeting not only the polo pick of California, but of the East and Great Britain as well. Reports now arriving from the Coast indicate that the coming winter and spring will see the classiest polo ever staged in California, and that is putting a high value on the prospective play.

The locals will go up against Burlingame, Santa Barbara, Pasadena and possibly Riverside of the California clubs, a British team brought over by Lord Tweedmouth, and teams from Denver, Kansas City and Portland. It will be one of the most representative polo gatherings in the history of the sport.

Already the California teams are shaping their ponies for the campaign. A Pasadena dispatch of September 11 says:

With green ponies that started their field education only this summer, practice was begun today at Tournament Park for the coming polo season. Two teams were on the field under the eyes of Hardy Weiss, who will pick the four to represent Pasadena in the games which have been scheduled for the winter with Lord Tweedmouth's English team, and with Denver and Kansas City.

Portland, Oregon, will be represented on the polo field this winter for the first time. Major Ross of Coronado, having organized a four there under the direction of F. Leadbetter, who played with the Santa Barbara team last year.

Lord Tweedmouth's British players will compete for the American trophy and for the various club cups on the Pacific Coast. He has not yet divulged their identity, but reports have it that the Duke of Westminster will be seen in the lineup.

World's Series Looms As Greatest In All History

BY W. J. MACBETH.

The world's series of 1912 is likely to be remembered as long as the game endures. Not only will it bring together, in the respective major league champions, an unusually well-matched pair of contestants, but it will also furnish a stake of such gigantic proportions as to bring out the very last ounce of fight.

The New York Giants and the Boston Red Sox appear to have such a struggle holds on the laurels that, for the sake of argument, we'll eliminate the rest of the field. Unless some miracle happens the big, annual pounce in New York and the City of Culture.

For everyone at all concerned in the national pastime a better post season attraction could not be arranged. In the matter of pure ability it is doubtful if two better matched rivals ever faced each other. These prospective challengers for a world's title represent the two greatest baseball cities of the country. New York will undoubtedly be the popular favorite over Boston at least in the speculative field. Pittsburg money is bound to have such an influence.

Pittsburg Backs National.
It is always a simple question of National League sentiment against that of the American League, and Pittsburg money invariably backs its sympathy for the old major organization. Of course, New York, in view of local baseball conditions, is a hotbed of National League enthusiasm and will string along with the Giants to the bitter end on that account. Conditions just the reverse prevail in Boston. The Hub cannot see the National preponderance of National League money from New York and Pittsburg is likely to go begging for adds no matter how loyal and game the Bostonians may be.

New York is set upon a world's championship for the occasion. It feels the disgrace attached to last fall's sorry showing against the world's champion Athletics. Besides this, McGraw needs the honor for advertising purposes. He is taking the Giants and a picked team from the National League on a tour of the world this winter. You may imagine how dearly the Giants will sell their live for the added prestige of that magic title. It is incentive enough to make New York fight to the last ditch even if the lion's share of the spoils. Furthermore, this is a year of years, for upon it devolves the prestige of the rival leagues. This is the "ruler" of world's championships. Each league has now four titles to its credit and upon this fall's results hinges a great deal of civic pride among the fraternity.

If the Giants and Red Sox meet and both are in the same sort of condition that enabled them to make such brilliant season's records, the world's series is bound to be worth while. Personally I think the Red Sox the better of the two teams. To my mind they have proved as much by going through the whole season without one serious slump. I think that in a long race like a season's championship of 154 games comparison. But a world's championship series and a 154-game series are different propositions.

Battery Strength To Count.
Usually—other things being at all equal—this short dash puts it right up

to the batteries. More than ever will battery strength figure in this fall's big series. Outside the points the teams shape up as of about equal strength. The Red Sox lay it all over the Giants in the matter of outfield strength. Boston boasts the greatest garden trio of the game. But New York fully equalizes this in the infield. McGraw has an exceptionally classy inner defense; Boston's first line is not brilliant. Larry Gardner, at third, is the best of the lot, and there are three of more third basemen in his own company that are ranked higher than the Boston man. But the infield four of the speed boys cover a multitude of sins by heavy stick work. Everyone of one of them is a slugger. Heine Wagner is almost as much of a terror as his illustrious namesake of the Pirates. Jake Stahl is a fence-buster. In defensive speed and skill New York undoubtedly lays it over Boston's infield. However, the Hub's superior hitting power and the outfield advantages make it just about a toss up. I speak now of the short series.

It's pretty nearly a question of pitching then. Both teams have wonderful catchers. Meyer, McGraw's classy Indian backstop has nothing on Carrigan, except perhaps a shade in hitting ability. It is his superior strength in shade advantage at the start. He has five rattling good tossers any one of whom is likely to make McGraw's best step to the limit—Joe Wood, Bedient, Hall, O'Brien and Collins. Wood is one of the most wonderful pitchers of the age. He is a speed marvel of the Walter Johnson type. Bedient is another fast ball pitcher and a dandy. Tony Hall is a good curve ball manipulator. "Bucky" O'Brien, just rounding into effectiveness for the first time in his career, is the big league. Ray Collins is a southpaw and a crack-jack, too.

Giants Face Hard Battle.
New York will have the time of its life beating and one of these five pitchers unless the Giant tossers fling spitball. New York never has seen such speed as Wood will show. O'Brien is a better spitball tosser than Hendrix of the Pirates. Collins is the best left-hander in the American League.

Against this brilliant array of box talent the Giants will have to stack Mathewson, Marquard and Tesreau. And of the three, Tesreau looms as the great hope. Strangely enough, the Red Sox fear this green, inexperienced tosser more than they fear Matty or the "Rube." Tesreau is big enough to work every other day if necessary and he has just the kind of a spitball that the Red Sox do not relish. In fact, Boston murders most anything but the spitball. The Hub team looks forward with pleasure to a meeting with Mathewson.

In 1909 the Speed Boys half massacred the "Big Sox" when he was at the height of his glory. They now figure him and "old man" compared to those days. Of Marquard the Hub has no fear. The fallacy that Boston Americans prove a cinch for left-handers has been picked. The lineup embraces just two left-handed swatters and one of these, Tris Speaker, pounds forth hard slinging harder than the right-winged king.

New York will have one great advantage—that of having been through one world's series campaign. This should prove a big boom in a battle among youngsters on both sides. There have been many instances where a young team out-learned a bunch of veterans. The Athletics vs. the Cubs in 1910 is a very striking example. But it must be remembered that the veteran pitchers of Connie Mack, who shouldered the chief re-

Ripples From The Big Regatta



MAUI TEAM APPEARS HERE FOR THE LAST TIME AGAINST J. A. C.

Third and Deciding Game of Inter-Island Series Scheduled for This Afternoon

Honolulu fans have their last chance to see the Maui team in action this afternoon, when the Valley Islanders go up against the J. A. C. in the final game of the Maui-Oahu series. To date the visitors have lost one and won one and on the result of today's meeting depends whether they will return home with local scalps, or minus their own.

Today's play should be right up to the mark. The eleven-inning contest which Maui dropped to the Portuguese in the first game of the series demonstrated that the visitors could play ball, and the way they handled themselves the following day, when they beat the Asahis, further proved that judgement. In the J. A. C. however, they have a considerably harder proposition than in the little Japanese team, and the game looks like a toss up, with everything depending on the pitchers.

Tony Medeiros will fling for the home team, while Foster Robinson, of St. Louis college, who is claimed by Maui as a genuine Valley Islander, will be on the hill for the visitors. Robinson pitched Saturday, and made a fine showing.

Harry and Ernest Baldwin, Mauiites who play with Punahou, will be in the lineup again today, and their stick work should help a lot. One of the attractions of the afternoon will be Captain Cummings, who always plays in his stocking feet, holding down the visitors' second sack. Garcia, the regular second baseman, had to return home.

The game will be called at 4 o'clock in order to give everyone a chance to be on hand.

Marriage may be a tie, but it is seldom tongue tied.

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DOYLE TELLS HOW TO HIT THE BALL

Captain Larry Doyle of the Giants, who shapes up this season as the best hitter in the National League, will give the visitors a lesson in hitting the ball.

Doyle is generally considered a "slugger" by the fans of New York, and there is an "O-o-h!" from the stands when he misses one of his fierce swings. But as a matter of fact, there is no blind slamming at the ball when the Giant captain is at the bat. He is a good "waiter," and he hits with skill and precision.

"Somebody—I think it was Willie Keeler—said in one sentence all there is to batting," said Doyle. "Keeler was asked the secret of his remarkable hitting, and he replied that it was 'to hit, 'em where they ain't.' But every young fellow that breaks into baseball can't be a Keeler. He could make base hits out of anything because he had the science of place-hitting down to a point where few men ever had anywhere near equalled. Still, his rule for success covers the whole ground."

"One of the first things that a batter should learn is bunting—how to 'lay the ball down,' as the players say. The value of the bunt can't be over estimated. I think that some teams play a bunting game too much. Manager McGraw has always been opposed to the sacrifice game, but when a bunt is wanted badly, and while the Giants very seldom use it—only the fast men, as a rule—every man on the batting order is supposed to be able to lay down a bunt when it is called for."

"When you want to bunt you hold your bat in the natural manner, but instead of swinging you slip the upper hand a foot or so out along the bat and poke your stick in the path of the ball. The bat is not gripped as tightly as when you swing, and the result is that almost all of the force of the ball is absorbed. It rebounds only a few feet and rolls in whatever direction you have guided it."

The will of Nathan Hermann, known as the dean of the New York cotton exchange, disposes of an estate of more than \$1,000,000 and gives more than \$90,000 to various charitable organizations.

FUTURE BETTING ON TURF EVENTS SEEMS TO BE IN DISFAVOR

St. Ledger, British Racing Classic, Fails to Attract the Coin Ahead of Time

LONDON, Eng., Aug. 31.—That future betting on big turf events is dying out in England is strikingly evidenced by the absence of any market on the St. Ledger, which is always the last of the English turf's five famous classic races.

The distance of this race is 300 yards short of two miles. It has been run at Doncaster, in Yorkshire, every September for more than a century. Only once has this classic ever been won by an American colt. The late Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois, which won the Derby the same year, was victorious in 1881. By the middle of August that summer the English public had wagered enormous sums on Iroquois to win the St. Ledger, in which he beat twelve English and two French 3-year-olds.

Another American colt, August Belmont's Tracery, would be favorite if there were any market on next month's St. Ledger. His sire, Rock Sand, won it in 1903. Rock Sand was purchased three years later by Mr. Belmont for \$100,000. Since running third in the Derby at the remarkable odds of 100 to 1, Tracery has won important stakes as Ascot and Goodwood.

Betting on the St. Ledger will commence soon. Tracery and Lomond will be the opening favorite and second choice respectively, with Tagalie, the gray filly which won the Derby, probably third choice.

August Belmont has a nice colt in Tracery. But some say he is not worth backing at short odds unless some dangerous rivals go wrong. He will be ridden by Danny Maher.

When Herman Duryea's Sweeper II. was the Derby favorite some had not any use for him, partly because Maher was riding. It is not known who is to ride Sweeper II. in the St. Ledger, but if he starts you can gamble on his beating Belmont's colt with Maher up.

ALAMEDA OARSMEN LEAVE PRAISING LOCAL SPORTSMEN

Two members of the Alameda crew waved a farewell to Honolulu friends this morning, and sailed away for the scene of their recent aquatic triumphs on the liner Korea. The departing oarsmen are Henry Hess and Oscar Sommers, the former being accompanied by his wife and the latter by his mother.

"I wish we could stay and take the volcano trip with the rest of the party," said Hess. "Certainly we have had one big time in Honolulu, and the only disadvantage about winning that cup is that we won't have the excuse to come back after it again next year. Perhaps we will the year after, though. You have some mighty fine oarsmen here, and we will have to do some tall hustling to defend the trophy when you send a crew up next summer."

Sommers is returning to college, while business calls Hess across the water. The other members of the party will leave for the volcano trip tomorrow.

'LEMONS' COULD BE PICKED AS WINNERS

In the National League a powerful team could be picked from players who were labeled "lemons" at the start of their big league careers.

For mound duty, Marquard of the Giants, Cheney and Lavender of the Cubs and Suggs of the Reds might be chosen. Marquard was the prize lemon of the lot when he joined the Giants.

Larry Cheney was let go by two or three clubs before he finally became Chance's most valuable hurler. As for Lavender, Chance would have turned him back had the National Commission allowed him. Suggs was an American League discard before he became Cincinnati's most dependable pitcher.

Chief Meyers, now the leading receiver of the National League, and one of its best batters, was a joke catcher during his first season as a Giant.

For first base, there is Merkle, batting .333 and considered a brilliant first sacker. Few persons thought he would be kept by McGraw after his famous "didn't touch second" incident in 1908.

Larry Doyle, field captain of the Giants, now batting .373, was a clumsy second-sacker when he joined the club a few years ago.

On third base could be placed Heine Zimmerman, the batting king of the National League, with an average of .395. Not until this year was he considered good enough to be a regular.

At short field Sweeney of Boston would fit in. He did not look good to two or three clubs which tried him out, but he is a veritable whirlwind at the bat for the Braves.

Outfielder Wilson of the Pirates was in the joke class when he broke in, but a man who can hit .317 is no joke.

At least two big league clubs tagged Northern, but he is making good with Brooklyn and has a batting average of .300 to prove it.

Yes, it surely pays to hang onto a player now and then. John McGraw got together a championship club by being patient with Doyle, Marquard, Meyers, Snodgrass, Merkle and Fletcher.

COCK FIGHTS GIVE WAY TO SPORT OF BASEBALL

"The game of baseball is credited with a greater influence in the civilization of the Philippines than any other one element, except the public school, of which baseball is a part," declared Professor William Pierce Gorsuch of the University of Chicago, who has just returned from a tour of the world.

"Baseball to the Filipino mind is a tremendous discovery, and the little brown men play it with wonderful skill," he said. "It has taken the place of cockfighting in many localities and is constantly growing in favor as compared with the former favorite sport of the island. The white teachers teach the game to the native teachers and they in turn teach it to their pupils and friends."

"In every locality where baseball predominates the morals and living of the people have been bettered and their health has shown the invigorating effects of the outdoor exercise."

MONEY WASTED.

Don't waste your money buying strengthening plasters, Chamberlain's Pain Balm is cheaper and better. Dampen a piece of flannel with it and bind it over the affected parts and it will relieve the pain and soreness. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

The overland route when there is crowding around the turns.

The St. Ledger will be for \$35,000, of which \$20,000 goes to the second horse and \$10,000 to the third finish.

HONOLULU MAKES IT TWO IN THREE

Takes Deciding Bowling Match from the Puunene Rollers. No Championship Title at Stake, but Friendly Rivalry Runs High

Honolulu took the third and deciding match of a friendly bowling series from Maui last night, by a pin total of 164. Some good scores were made individually, but in the first and third games the Valley Islanders fell down somewhat on total, and that is what beat them out.

Last night's was the third of a three-match series, the first meeting being at Puunene at the time of the Harvest Home festival, and the other two here within the last week. There was no interisland championship involved, the matches being between pick-up teams, and the result carried no title.

The scores:

"Y" TEAM.			
Wilkinson	133	168	166
Dyson	183	135	198
Franz	173	197	174
Rietow	156	183	197
Gear	197	146	157
	842	829	892
PUUNENE.			
Larkin	157	181	169
Voeller	120	178	155
Meyers	201	169	169
Clark	166	140	135
Dummy	148	171	160
	792	839	768

SAWED OFF SHORT

Jack Cordell is in Manila, getting a fight now and then. Up to the time the last Manila papers that reached here were printed, Cordell had done nothing to queer himself.

Tom Burrows, who set a new world's record for endurance club-swinging here last month, is now in San Francisco, trying to find someone to take him on for a match. He has been given good notices in the Frisco papers.

It's tough on Promoter Dillon that his first fight show should have been the storm center of the Bauersrock-Madison fiasco. The warring factions are still scrapping and threatening, part of fistiana claiming that Madison was the victim of a frame-up, and the other part shouting loudly for the Bauersrock end. Dillon got together a good card, and it was no fault of his that the game went wrong.

STRIKES AND STARS

Franz and Rietow both rolled splendidly for the winning team. Franz averaged 181, while Rietow averaged 179.

Dyson rolled high score, with 198, while Gear, Rietow and Franz, with 176, were the other feature scores.

For the visitors Meyers got both high score and average—201 and 176, respectively.

The visitors were handicapped by the absence of Delmont and Chillingworth, who had to leave for home Sunday.

The Puunenes are to be complimented on their true sportsmanship—they didn't try to crawl out on account of being weakened.

Wilkinson rolled in place of White last night. "Wilke" was unable to roll last week on account of rowing, Franz taking his place.

Considering the lack of practice on the part of the players, the scores were unusually high.

Who shut the door?

The two teams that